









# THESE THINGS ARE YOURS IF

I had fallen asleep on the floor of my cell and was dreaming about a big bowl of rice and dumplings, but then— that sort of thing happens to you when you are in prison and are very hungry.

I was awoken by a soldier pulling my ear and bawling "Herrgott!" The pleasant reaction of my dream disappeared. I stood there frozen with a sort of fear—I knew what interrogation meant. I had been through it before.

The soldiers waited while I put on my shoes. I waited as much time as possible and asked if I would return or be freed.

I got no reply. Thoughts whirled in my head. Could I stand more interrogation? My legs shook as I walked down the passage between the cells.

The guards were eating meat and potatoes as I went out. I felt the searing pain of hunger in my stomach, but as I reached, almost unconsciously, to grasp at their food, I was pushed through the door and into the waiting "Black Maria."

German soldiers sat on either side of me. One of them offered me a cigarette and asked if I would like to look through the hatch.

The weather was fine and everyone was hurrying about laden with parcels and Christmas trees. I pressed my nose close against the hatch so as not to miss a thing. It was Christmas. Forgotten for the moment was war and loss. I felt like one of those "out there."

**Slave And Pleasant**  
The car stopped at last outside Victoria-ter, the Gestapo headquarters. All those lovely Christmas thoughts and scenes were washed away.

I was here, walking up the steps—God, how many were there? Would they never end? I wondered if I could ever get out again, and if, no, how. I entered a room. "Will you sit down?" I was asked pleasantly. They were very polite today, and I wondered what they were hiding.

I was given a cigarette, too. I did not understand. For three hours I was questioned. No one struck or kicked me; there were no air lamps or beating cells there. Workmen was almost pleasant and asked me if I would like to go home for Christmas, if I had seen all the Christmas decorations in the town, whether I was not afraid of being let out.

I refused. "You have 30 hours in which to think it over. You can be free for Christmas. Remember you are young and you do not know what forced labour means. Hell Hitler!" The road back was without stopping. Christmas, about all the good for Norway, about all the good prospects for the future which lay in wait, if only I could understand. For three hours I was questioned. No one struck or kicked me; there were no air lamps or beating cells there. Workmen was almost pleasant and asked me if I would like to go home for Christmas, if I had seen all the Christmas decorations in the town, whether I was not afraid of being let out.

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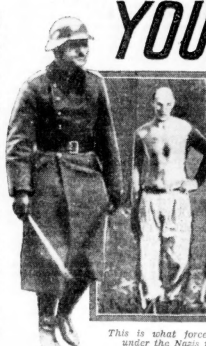
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This is what forced labour under the Nazis means.

prisoner was returning from interrogation. He was carried in, and I heard the voice of the German doctor: "Finished."

And during the evening several more prisoners were sent to be interrogated. They were dragged footsteps following and the tramp of German boots; you could hear the sound as the guards struck or kicked them.

Have you ever heard the sound of a man falling down on a stone floor?

Night came; the guard had gone on his last round, and the light was turned off. There was only in the prison, broken only by an occasional deep sigh or a sob.

My first thought in the morning was about Christmas. Breakfast had to be eaten in the prison. One of them gave me a mirror and a comb. One of my cheeks was bruised and dark blue. On the left side of my nose there was a long gash.

I was told I could have a visitor, but I received a letter, in my mother's handwriting. The first message from home. I turned the envelope over and over. Finally I opened it and this is what I read:

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dinner—rice pudding! I did not believe my own eyes. That it was mine, I did not care. The main thing was that it was rice pudding.

I ate three spoonfuls and was about to have a fourth, but decided I must keep the rest until the evening.

I put it into the cupboard. I felt rich—I had three spoonfuls of rice pudding left for three hours before I ate it.

In this way the time went. I was waiting for Christmas Eve. I could not manage to go on to the window any longer.

Two German guards came in with parcels. Christmas parcels for me from those at home. I was allowed to open them.

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**LYNDSEY BOOK FOR 1943**  
THERE is little doubt in my mind that Berlin has selected Thursday for the final announcement of the new year. Middle East areas figure prominently. Action, if delayed beyond Tuesday, comes quickly. It will be another miscalculation. Disasters for Nazis during mid-January.

Reaction Tuesday. The Indian theatre shows some signs of liveliness to coincide with those other events. I refer specially to Burma.

And our end may take warning that internal repercussions possibly complicate the Viceroyalty question will also be felt.

DECISIONS of singular importance, taken in Moscow, have reference to the foregoing movements. More—day will affect general plans for the closing phases of the war. They may cause material changes in separate Allied arrangements.

These actions should start the work will be none and should reach unheard-of intensity in January. The next will bring a tone of despair into German councils.

Not for one moment do I believe the Nazis will "wait" until the spring to mount offensives. They have already given up any defensive policy in the East. The card Churchill has up his sleeve.

HISTORY books of tomorrow will say that the Nazis were prepared to meet anybody other than sufficiently armed British troops. The next few weeks will show that Remmel's estimate is correct. Another success as inexpensive as Africa will be gained—almost miraculously.

Two major factors of the new year will be: (1) The effective use of a German propaganda machine, continuing a madly excited movement, will be the new year. (2) The Middle East, to my mind, will be the new year. (3) The Middle East, to my mind, will be the new year. (4) The Middle East, to my mind, will be the new year.

Changes in Germany, France, here and in U.S.A. signal a new tone in the conflict at an early date. U.S.A. will tip certain points, and the new year will be the new year. U.S.A. will tip certain points, and the new year will be the new year.

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## Gone!

THOSE AGONISING LUMBAGO STABS

Like a knife in the back Lumbago grips you, with its wailing agony. Every movement of your body makes the agony worse. You can't sit, stand, or move. Get quick relief with Eade's Universal Anodyne. It's the grand pain killer. It's the relief of the trouble by simple means. It's the relief of the trouble by simple means. It's the relief of the trouble by simple means.

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**TACAP**  
There's no sugar in this

**ACUP**  
A couple of Rennie's After your food—

**REGESTION**  
Completely subdued

Declare an armistice every time you eat. Rennie's is the only food that is completely subdued. Rennie's is the only food that is completely subdued. Rennie's is the only food that is completely subdued.

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## In the New Year WAFF AND ATS WAIT THOUSANDS LIKE THEM

They gave up their jobs because they were not helping to win the war and they joined the WAFF together.

As the war moves to a climax, the Women's Services wait thousands like to release men for fighting. Over 100 trades are open and you will be able to take up the work you choose if you are suitable for it. Age limits are 17 to 50.

Fill in the coupon now, or go along to a Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange and get the answers to all your questions about work, pay, leave, allowances, etc. You will not commit yourself by making enquiry. Over 100 information—think it over—talk it over—and meet the New Year (in Mr. Churchill's words) "a strong will, a bold heart, and a clear conscience."

Write your name and address to: 297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 (Ld. stamp) 3034

Please send me full information about the WAFF AND ATS (BOTH)

## LIFE'S BIG PROBLEMS

By The People's Friend

ANOTHER war-time Christmas is almost upon us—the fourth since the world turned topsy-turvy. And once again we must celebrate it as only a shadow of the gay and carefree festival of happier days.

For Christmas is no longer an occasion for feasting, rejoicing and family reunions. For most of us it will mean only a short respite from your labours, a brief relaxation before you get back to your part in helping to win the war.

There will be vacant chairs around most tables and many hearts will be about as dear as ever.

And yet, for all this, I am sure we have more joy and relief than we have had for some time. For it is the Christmas of a momentous year—a year that has seen the emergence of our darkest hour into light, from the danger of defeat into the certainty of victory.

I may not be the last war-time Christmas. I am too wise to prophesy that. But it is, beyond all doubt, a Christmas on which we are drawing nearer the day when there will once again be peace on earth and good will among men.

## HALF-GUINEA "Helpers for the ABC"

FOR HAPPY, HEIN, HEALTH, HANDS and HEART, the new Half-Guinea "Helpers for the ABC" is a book of recipes for a war-time A. B. C. There are 100 recipes for all the things you need for a happy, healthy, hearty Christmas.

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